



# When the world ended...



end angels demons

👁 63 ✓ 4 ★ 6

## Chapter 1 by Anime\_1633

I sit in my room looking out the window. The sky is black and there is no one in site. I would expect that. The world just ended a year ago and everyone was hiding. We were afraid "he" would come back again. We are not allowed to say his name or he will come here. There are not a lot of us left. I was the only survivor in my family. Ive been alone for a year and I have been working hard so I could kill him. He killed everyone I loved and knew. I looked over toward my makeshift table and saw that there was only one can of peaches. My stomach ached as I looked at them. I couldn't eat yet. I just did yesterday. I looked at my water supply and I only had a bottle and an half. That could last me two days if used right. I stood up and put my black cloak on. My short black hair stayed out of the way.

He did get me once. When he attacked my family. His sword stuck my eye and toke it. From then on I wear an eyepatch over my right eye. My other green eye shinned. I was growing out of my clothes. These clothes were mine when I was fifteen. Im sixteen now. I grabbed my sword and put it in my scabbard. I flashed my bow over my shoulders with my bag of bows. I then picked up my leather bag I had made and went out the door. In the corner of the room was a picture of my family. "Stay safe guys" I said to the picture. I miss them

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finger and touched my face where it fell. I touched my fingers together. It was an ash. Ashes are falling again. He will be here soon. I must hurry.

I tried to run and run. I took as many shortcuts as I could but it was too late. He was here. I ran down an alleyway. Oh no. One of his warriors were facing me. "What a pretty young girl, your the one he is looking for. He has your eye you know. He wants me to take you to him alive, but I think I want to kill you. You looked very tasty." The demon ran toward me. I drew my sword from my scabbard. "Are ready to die!" I yelled as I ran toward him. He jumped and flipped over me. His claws digging into my back. I won't let you win. I ran toward him again and he jumped up. I wanted him to. I jumped up in the air. I jumped higher than him. He fell to the ground. He turned and looked at me. I was floating....again. "No way," "There is one thing you need to know.. I'm a fallen angel," I said and he was looking at my black wings. I took my sword and flew toward him. "I will kill you!"

## Chapter 2 by Rodríguez Ortiz Ra



My sword struck him on the chest and a red light came from the wound. The demon cried and started convulsing, the light emerged now from his eyes and mouth and then he disintegrated, only ashes were his body had been before. My wings stretched and then they returned to my cloak, I analyzed the sky: "I know where you're hiding"; the air told me, his voice dark and full of hate. I was losing time, I got inside the broken building where my father used to work, now it had become home of a blind man, an oracle.

"Where is it?"; I asked him, he was hiding in the darkness.

"It could be here, if you want to".

"Don't play games, you promised me you'll get it"; I insisted.

"Don't panic, here it is"; he whispered in my ear.

I jumped, instinctively my sword stopped on his neck: "Do you want to die?"; I asked, his

beautiful blue eyes always seemed holy to me.

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"And my answer is yes. Why I'll like to live in a hell like this." he extended his right hand and it was covered in blood, a man of God.

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Chapter 2 by Ra



God died around a month ago, murdered. Well, dead is a bit strong, more like put inside a coma. His heart was stolen from him. And here, here it was.

I hold it up, squinting my eyes to examine the glory of it. This is a godly thing, something divine.

It looks like a normal heart.

I place it in to my bag and fly off, but not before thrusting my sword in to the poor man. It was what he had asked for. And I was not above granting requests.

Hah. How they would laugh at me. A fallen angel, bartering the heart of God?

"This is a call to the heavens and hells!" I called out in my angelic voice. I sounded scratchy from disuse, but they would hear me. "I hold the heart of God! Come and offer me what you want from it!"

What, I did say /fallen/ angel. We're not exactly known for morals.

It took two seconds exactly for the representatives to appear. Hell on one side, Heaven on the other, both glaring at each other as much as they were glaring at me.

This will be fun.

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